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COLUMBIA, S. C. SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE STORY OF THE BIOGRAPHER.

By Hanna Rion in the Woman's World.

When the old-fashioned pinks that encircled all the flower beds of the garden came into bloom it meant two things to the child of the house—spring incidentally—Col. Starke inevitably. For it was in May that the colonel arrived for his annual six months' visit to our family.

Whether his arrivals were timed because of the pinks, or whether the pinks blossomed in sheer joy because he was coming, I could never decide. They were his favorite flower, being even embodied in his middle name, which I learned from the fly leaves of his books was "Pinkney."

On the day of his coming it was always my share of the welcome to deck his room with all the pinks it would hold, saving out after much perturbation of selection the finest one for his buttonhole. Father at that time being the attorney for the railroad, and the days being those of grace rather than strenuousness, the trains on request always stopped politely in front of our house to deposit or call for a guest—the station being a discursive number of blocks further up town.

So we merely had to cross a wide street and climb a steep embankment to meet the colonel, who was magnificently assisted to alight by all the train hands.

After exchanging profound compliments with the conductor, who inquired feelingly about all our family, the train proceeded with no rude haste, leaving Colonel Starke to us once more for a delicious half year.

He seldom descended to the inconvenience of traveling with a trunk; his slender antique bag with many queer Eastern labels would have been a light burden, for even the youngest member of the family, but it was, of course, ceremoniously carried by the butler.

One of his trunks remained always in his room at our house; it was filled with no useless adornments, but crammed full of marvelous old books in almost forgotten language.

Another trunk lived at "Fort Mill," Mr. John C. Calhoun's old home, with Mr. Clemson, with whom Col. Starke spent those other six months we spent in missing him.

I think the friendship between the old gentleman and father began at the South Carolina College, and it remained so beautiful a thing until temporarily interrupted by death, that it seems almost too sacred to say more about it.

Col. Starke told proudly of having been awarded the prize as the ugliest man of his class—he never mentioned his great decrees; but whatever the college standard of beauty, to my childish mind, he always represented the type of greatest perfection.

At the time of his graduation his father sent him abroad to travel. His nature naturally led him among the sphinx and the unfathomable East. His reminiscences were not those of a Baedeker.

The war which preceded me, must have been responsible for his title; it was certainly responsible for sweeping away his family fortune, leaving a wonderful, impracticable scholar alone and adrift on a stern tide with which Nature had never shaped his dreamy gentleness to cope.

It must have been the result of much loving conspiracy for my father to solve the question of circumventing the helplessness of this proud soul. The love of the two men probably made the solution easier, for it meant the greatest joy to be together, and what more natural than that the colonel's home should be with us, but at the same time some good reason had to be given for the sake of the sensitiveness of one.

Father, being a protégé of Mr. Calhoun, and having spent many happy years of his youth at "Fort Mill," naturally felt great love and veneration for his benefactor; it was always a source of keenest disappointment to one who owed so much to this great man that no adequate life of Calhoun had ever been written. Who was better fitted by natural attainments for the task than Col. Starke? So the happy arrangement was agreed upon whereby Col. Starke should spend six months of the year with us, gleaning all father's memories of the statesman, the other six to be lived at "Fort Mill" with Calhoun's son-in-law, Mr. Thomas G. Clemson.

The great biography was begun back in the gossamer memories of my childhood, though at that time Col. Starke's membership in our family held no biographical importance to me; he was simply the one who could tell the most marvelous ghost stories in the world, the one who helped father decipher the strange rolls of papyrus—the one for whom all my pinks bloomed.

To a stranger at our breakfast table it might have seemed a little queer to hear an ethereal old gentleman casually remark: "I dreamed entirely in Syriac last night," but we were quite accustomed to it. The predominant readings of the day always flavored his dreams by night, continuing his waking vagaries through the sleeping ones in Hebrew, Arabic or Greek. He talked to us always of wonderful things hidden world corners, treasures in hoary literature, accessible only to the very erudite, mystic beliefs in the supernatural.

One subject alone was never touched upon by him in our Presbyterian household—his religion. He was a Swedenborgian. Only once do I remember getting a glimpse of his creed, and that always made me crave

more. When my little dog died and bereft me of all hope and happiness, Col. Starke put his arms around me, saying: "Dearie, in my religion we share our heaven with the dear dogs and other good beasts."

At night he was the raconteur, I well remember him sitting in his corner with his feet as usual carefully pinned up in newspapers to bar out mosquitoes, rattling in his excitement over the thrilling narration of a fox hunt when it got to "nose and tail, nose and tail."

When it rained mother always drew the colonel's attention mildly to the fact, for he was too wrapped in stupendous visions to ever notice so trivial a thing as the weather. The gaunt figure then took its morning constitutional under a gigantic old green umbrella, and the next day, though the sun might shine its merriest, Col. Starke, laboring under one thoroughly impressed idea, again wandered forth eclipsed by the green cover. Most probably this would have continued indefinitely had not mother with the same gentle tact put the umbrella carefully out of reach.

His wardrobe never bothered his dear old head; he had but one suit and that apparently had eternal life. When it became too appealingly shining and greenish, mother had another one made as near a duplicate as possible from secretly taken measurements of the habiliments. Then while the colonel wandered through the maze of some Assyrian or Hebraic dream, she tiptoed at midnight into his chamber and exchanged the garments. He probably thought his clothes felt like manna from heaven, if he ever thought of them at all.

From time to time he read aloud extraordinary passages from the great biography, which sent my father into quiet ecstasies. It seemed to hold the promise of the greatest of all biographies. It was a quaint presentation of Mr. Calhoun's erratic greatness, a rare delineation of the personal traits of a man known intimately to only a fortunate few.

The work was never hastened; it spread itself deliberately over the years, auditor and author mutually postponing a completion which should put a tragic end to the necessity of the colonel remaining one of us. But it outgrew a portentous volume the size of a ledger and was crawling through the pages of a second one.

At "Fort Mill" the work probably went with fleetest foot, though there, too, the ties of comradeship clogged its progress. With his great collection of paintings gathered when charge d'affaires to Belgium, his unstrung Stradivarius and the family ghosts, Mr. Clemson was then living alone with a housekeeper.

His loneliness and gout no doubt made Col. Starke's residences with

him the happiest part of Mr. Clemson's declining years. It was during the last days remaining of one of the colonel's stays at "Fort Mill" that he took a morning plunge in the river. The spring was laggard that year and the day too chilly—a congestive chill followed the bath.

At this very time mother and I were opening and sweetening his room in expectation of his arrival in a few days, while I bemoaned the fact that his pinks were late in flowering that season.

Only a few hours later a telegram brought the unbelievable tidings that the colonel had made his home elsewhere forever. It was many weeks before any one had the heart to open the old brass-studded trunk that came to us without its owner. It held his books and the great biography.

At last father undertook the melancholy task alone. For hours he remained with the colonel's door closed to us, and when he came out he passed us all unseeing, his face drawn, and hurried away toward the pines.

It was not until after supper that night that we broached the subject to him. He then quietly left the room and brought in the two heavy volumes of the biography, spreading them open on the dining table. We looked at the pages, we looked at each other; each face wore the same expression of stupefaction.

The biography was not written in English—neither was it in Sanscrit! A linguist himself, father declared it written in no language known to him.

For many months afterwards experts were sought and called upon to decipher its symbols, but all were equally impotent. The Great Calhoun biography was written in strange hieroglyphics, the key of which lies buried with the dear old visionary under a sod of old-fashioned pinks.

COL. HUGH KERR AIKEN.

(Written for the Memorial Edition of The News and Herald.)

Hugh Kerr Aiken was born in Winnsboro, S. C., July 5th, 1822. He was the son of David and Nancy Kerr Aiken, whose family consisted of seven sons and two daughters. He received his early education at the famous old Mt. Zion Academy, and went from there to the South Carolina College. Upon leaving his Alma Mater, he devoted himself to planting and some years later removed to Charleston, where he was residing at the breaking out of hostilities. From early youth he was fond of military affairs, and took active interest in the militia organization of the State. In 1850 he was elected Brigadier General, and afterward succeeded his friend and classmate, P. H. Nelson, to the office of Major General. The sword presented to him at that time, by General Nelson, was worn through the war and is now preserved, as a sacred relic, by his son.

As soon as South Carolina seceded, Hugh Aiken entered the ranks, and remained on the coast until elected Colonel of the 6th South Carolina Cavalry. The Regiment, composed of splendid material, was detailed for duty on the coast. After several months the command was ordered to Virginia, and immediately engaged in the bloody campaign being enacted there. The Regiment formed part of Butler's Brigade, and was in the desperate conflict at Trevilians Station, June 11th, 1864. Colonel Aiken, while leading a charge, was shot through the body, the bullet grazing one lung, and fell into the hands of the enemy. The Federal surgeons, however, considering his condition hopeless, he was released and found by friends, who conveyed him to the hospitable home of Mr. Hunter, near Louisa Court House, whose doors were open night and day to all suffering Confederates. After a partial recovery, Col. Aiken was offered a position of honorable retirement from active service, in one of the departments at Richmond, but preferred returning to duty in the field, and joined the troops before Petersburg. Colonel Aiken was placed in command of Butler's Brigade, and when it became certain that Sherman would sweep through South Carolina the Brigade consisting of the 4th, 5th and 6th Cavalry was ordered from Virginia, and did some good service harassing the enemy at every available point.

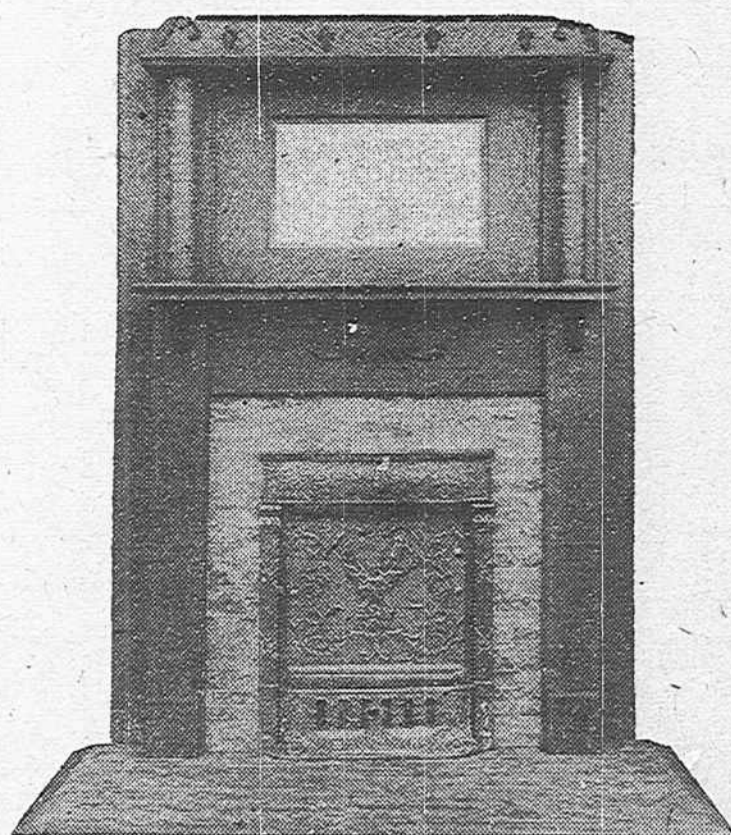
On February 27th, acting under General Butler's orders, Colonel Aiken proceeded down the east bank of Lynch's creek to ascertain if any part of Sherman's army had crossed into Darlington. It was while on this duty, he received his mortal wound, and expired in the arms of his young nephew, William David Aiken, acting as his courier.

Col. Aiken was married in Mobile, December 15, 1852, to Mary, third daughter of Governor John Gayle, of Alabama. Four children blessed this union, two dying in infancy; the surviving ones are Mrs. MacC. Robertson, of Columbia, S. C. and Dr. Gayle Aiken, of New Orleans, La.

His grave in the quiet Presbyterian churchyard in Winnsboro is marked by a beautiful white marble monument, with suitable inscriptions.

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Clerk's Sale.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
FAIRFIELD COUNTY.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Charles P. Wray et al., Plaintiffs,
against
Bethel Hallsey and Queen Hallsey,
Defendants.

In pursuance of an order of the Court of Common Pleas, made in the above stated case, I will offer for sale before the Court House door in Winnsboro, S. C., on the

FIRST MONDAY IN JUNE

next, within the legal hours of sale, at public outcry, to the highest bidder, the following described property, to wit:

All that certain tract of land lying, being and situate in the County of Fairfield, in the State aforesaid, containing

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY ACRES,

more or less, and bounded by lands of L. T. Wilds, Henry Boulware, Simon Jones and Mrs. C. T. Paschal.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on day of sale, and the balance on a credit of one and two years from day of sale, with interest thereon from day of sale at the rate of eight percent per annum; such credit portion to be secured by the bond of the purchaser and a mortgage of the premises sold, or all cash at the option of the purchaser; the purchaser to pay for all necessary papers and recording the same. If the purchaser fails to comply with the terms of sale on the day of sale, then the same may be sold at his risk on the same or some convenient day.

JOHN W. LYLES,
C. C. C. P. F. C.
Winnsboro, S. C., May 11, 1910.
5-11td

S. E. Gwin & Co.'s 5 and 10 cent counter is always loaded with bargains.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
COUNTY OF FAIRFIELD.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Thomas E. Sligh, individually and as Administrator of estate of Thomas W. Sligh, deceased, Maud Team, Pearl Sligh Carley, Dora I. Duke and Eva Birchmore, Plaintiffs,
against

William Dozier Sligh, Defendant.
Summons. For Relief. Complaint Not Served.

To the Defendant above-named:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint in this action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, for the said County, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the subscribers at their office, No. 2 Bank Range, Winnsboro, S. C., within twenty days after the service hereof, exclusive of the day of such service; and, if you fail to answer the complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiffs in this action will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated May 10th, A. D. 1910.
A. S. & W. D. DOUGLASS,
Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

To William Dozier Sligh, absent Defendant:
Take notice, that the summons in this action, of which the foregoing is a copy, together with the complaint herein, were filed in the office of the Clerk of Court for Fairfield County on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1910.

A. S. & W. D. DOUGLASS,
5-14-6t
Plaintiffs' Attorneys.

Notice to Creditors.

All creditors of the late Mrs. Ella Carlisle, deceased, are notified to present their claims duly attested, and all parties indebted to said estate will make payment to the undersigned.
J. E. DOUGLASS,
Administrator.
5-14-6t